And Warmer They Yet Feel

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And Warmer They Yet Feel

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Weishou sex oh yeah baby

Notes

Smut version of the other fic type shit

Ambatukammmmmmm

Did you know it’s perfectly moral and okay to let your heishou fuck trust me it’s fine it’s okay there are zero problems and or repercussions to doing this

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

Chapter 1

As the Lord of the Wei Branch, you technically had no reason to be out here. You had your loyal beasts stationed at every critical junction of the perimeter. But sleep was elusive tonight, and the burden of command felt lighter when your boots were on the pavement, checking the lines yourself.

You walked the perimeter, the sound of your footsteps swallowed by the ambient hum of the district. Most of the posts were perfect. The Wei members, huddled in their thick, wool-lined robes, stood like statues carved from ice. They bowed low as you passed, their rectangular pupils following your figure, their breath puffing out in white clouds from beneath their wide-brimmed hats.

But then you reached the eastern junction—a secluded corner shadowed by the looming architecture of Daguanyuan.

The post was empty.

A frown creased your brow. The Wei were impulsive, yes, prone to charging blindly once a fight started, but they were not known for abandoning their posts without cause.

You stepped off the main path, moving into the deeper shadows of an alleyway that cut behind a stack of shipping containers. The silence here was different—interrupted not by the city's hum, but by a frantic, rhythmic rustling. A soft, desperate whimpering echoed off the damp concrete, mixed with the clatter of heavy horns against stone.

You rounded the corner and froze.

There she was. One of your Heishou. Don Quixote to be specific.

She was huddled in the corner, partially hidden behind a discarded crate. She hadn't abandoned her post entirely, but she was certainly... occupied. Her hat lay discarded on the ground nearby, exposing the magnificent, spiraling ram horns that framed her flushed face. Her blonde bob was a mess, plastered to her forehead with sweat that steamed in the freezing air.

She was shaking violently—not just from being perpetually cold, but from a feverish, animalistic need. Her heavy black robes were hiked up around her waist. Her legs, trembling and pale, were spread wide,

and her hand was furiously working between them.

The bolus mutations were never subtle. Along with the horns and the strength, the Wei formula had gifted—or cursed—her with quite the… formidable member, heavily veined and throbbing in the cold air. It was large, almost disproportionate to her small frame, a clear sign of the beast blood running hot in her veins.

"Nngh... ah! 'Tis... 'tis not enough..." she gasped, her voice tight and breathy. Her eyes were squeezed shut, tears leaking from the corners as she stroked herself with a desperate, frantic speed. "Warmth... I need... haah... warmth..."

She was in a rut. The biological imperative of the Heishou blood was warring with the freezing temperature, driving her to generate heat the only way she could think of. Vapor rose from her exposed skin as she jerked her hips into her own hand, a low, guttural moan escaping her throat.

"Just... a moment more... Prithee... let the fire take hold..."

You stepped forward, your boot scraping against a loose pebble. The sound was like a gunshot in the alley. Don Quixote's eyes snapped open. Her rectangular pupils, dilated in alert, suddenly shrank to pinpricks of terror as she registered your silhouette looming over her.

"E-Eeek?!"

She scrambled back, her back hitting the metal container with a loud thud. Her hands flew up, trying to pull her robes down, trying to cover her leaking, throbbing erection, but she was clumsy with panic.

"M-My Lord?!" she shrieked, her voice cracking. She threw herself into a kowtow, forehead pressing against the ground, though her heavy breathing betrayed her state. "Mercy! I beseech thee, mercy! I... I did not mean to... to forsake my duty! Mine eyes... they were heavy with the cold, and the urge... it seized me!"

She was shaking so hard that her horns rattled against the pavement. "I am a wretch! A disloyal cur! Punishment... surely punishment awaits! P-prithee, do not tighten the leash! I... I can still fight! I can still charge!"

You stared down at her, taking in the pathetic, adorable sight. A powerful engineered soldier, terrified because she'd been caught trying to warm herself up. You sighed, the tension leaving your

shoulders. You weren't a tyrant.

"It's… uh… it’s okay, Don," you said softly, your voice cutting through her panic. "Stand up. You aren't in trouble."

She froze, lifting her head slowly. Dirt smudged her nose, and her cheeks were a brilliant, burning crimson. "N-not... in trouble? Thou art... sure?"

"It's cold," you said simply, stepping closer. "And the bolus effects are hard to manage. I understand."

Don Quixote stared at you, her mouth slightly agape. She sniffled, wiping her nose on her sleeve. The fear began to drain away, replaced by that overwhelming, instinctual adoration that the Heishou held for their Leashholder. But as the fear vanished, the other thing—the heat, the rut, the desperate need—came rushing back.

She looked at you, really looked at you. You were standing there in your coat, radiating a calm, steady body heat that seemed like a furnace compared to her freezing existence. Her gaze dropped to her own exposed lap, where her cock was still twitching, leaking pre-cum onto her thighs, before snapping back up to your face.

A new kind of desperation entered her one visible eye.

"Thou art... truly kind, my Lord," she whispered, shifting her weight. She didn't pull her robes back down. Instead, she opened them slightly wider, a brazen, heat-seeking invitation. "And... and thou art so warm. Even from here, I feel the radiance of thy spirit... and thy flesh."

She bit her lip, her rectangular pupils widening again, vibrating with intent.

"My Lord... since thou hast forgiven this humble servant's transgression..." She shuffled forward on her knees, reaching out with a trembling hand to graze the hem of your coat. "Wouldst thou... perhaps... aid a freezing knight in her hour of need? This cold... it biteth like a thousand serpents, and mine own hand... 'tis poor comfort compared to thee."

She looked up through her lashes, her voice dropping to a sultry, pleading whisper.

"Prithee... come closer? There is room beneath these woolens for two. Make me warm, my Lord. I beg of thee... quench this shivering with

thy heat."

For a moment, your brain simply stalled. You stared down at the kneeling, shivering packmember, your gaze helplessly glued to the spectacle between her legs. It was... impressive. The bolus didn't do things by halves; the cock springing from her groin was thick as a wrist, leaking clear fluid that steamed faintly as it hit the pavement. It bobbed with her frantic heartbeat.

Heat rushed to your face, warring with the biting wind. This was your subordinate. A genetically modified super-soldier who usually spent her time ramming her head into concrete walls, now looking up at you with puppy-dog eyes and a painfully erect cock, begging to share body heat.

It's... practical, you told yourself, the excuse forming a flimsy shield against the impropriety of it all. If a Heishou freezes, they can't fight. The ruts are dangerous if left unchecked.

You cleared your throat, trying to regain some semblance of authority, though your voice wavered. "A-Alright. If it will help stabilize your... condition, Don Quixote. We can... share warmth."

Don's eyes lit up like searchlights. The misery vanished from her face, replaced by a manic, vibrating joy.

"Huzzah!" she cheered, though she kept it to a ragged whisper. "Oh, benevolent Lord! Thy mercy knows no bounds! Thou shalt save this poor knight from the icy grip of death!"

She didn't wait for you to formulate a plan. With the impulsive speed of a charging ram, she scrambled up to her knees, her hands—calloused and hot—grasping at the hem of your coat.

"Tarry not, My Lord! The frost is a cruel mistress!" she babbled, her fingers fumbling with your buttons. "We must join flesh to flesh! These layers of thine... they are but barriers to the sanctuary of warmth! Off with them! Cast them aside!"

"Don, wait—I can do it—"

"Nay, let me serve thee!" she insisted, her rectangular pupils wide and shaking with adrenaline.

She was surprisingly strong, her grip tight as she practically peeled the coat off your shoulders. The moment the heavy fabric fell away, the

District 8 wind hit you hard, slicing through your shirt. You gasped, shivering violently, but Don was relentless. She tugged at your shirt, her knuckles grazing your skin, burning hot against the cold.

"Swiftly! Swiftly!" she chanted, tossing your clothes onto the dry patch of concrete behind the crate.

Within seconds, you were stripped bare, standing naked in the secluded alleyway, your skin covered in goosebumps, nipples hard and aching from the freeze. The cold was agonizing, biting at your thighs and stomach.

"Come! The gates of salvation are open!" Don cried out.

She stood up, broadening her stance. With a grand, sweeping gesture, she threw her massive, wool-lined black robes open like wings. The garment was enormous, designed to accommodate her bulk and the thick layers of wool underneath, creating a cavernous space.

Desperate for heat, you didn't hesitate. You stepped into her personal space, and she immediately enveloped you.

The sensation was instant and overwhelming.

Don wrapped the heavy robes around your back, sealing the two of you inside a private, woolen cocoon. The world outside—the wind, the noise, the frost—disappeared, replaced by a sudden, stifling humidity. It was like stepping into a sauna.

"Oh... oh!" Don moaned, a sound that vibrated through her chest and directly into yours. "Warmth... glorious, divine warmth..."

Her body was a furnace. Her skin, slick with the sweat of her earlier exertions and the fever of the rut, pressed explicitly against yours. Her breasts, soft and yielding beneath the sweat, flattened against your chest, her heart hammering a frantic rhythm against your ribs.

But there was no ignoring the centerpiece of the situation.

Because you were roughly the same height, maybe a little taller, the lower half of the embrace was... direct. As she pulled you tighter, her hips snapped forward with an instinctual jerk.

Thump.

You gasped as it made itself known. That massive, rock-hard ram cock

slammed into your lower belly, trapped between your bodies. It was scalding hot, a throbbing flesh that felt incredibly dense against your soft skin. The head of it, swollen and wet, dragged a slick trail of pre-cum up your stomach as she adjusted her stance, practically grinding it against you.

"Mine Lord..." Don breathed, her face buried in the crook of your neck. Her nose was cold, but her breath was hot and wet against your skin. "Thou art soft... and so, so warm... 'Tis better than any hearth fire... better than any blanket..."

She shuddered, her hands roaming over your bare back, pressing you down onto her hips. The friction was immediate. The wool lining of her coat scratched faintly at your back, but her front was all slick skin and heat. Every twitch of her hips rubbed that thick shaft against you, the veins rolling under the contact.

"D-Don," you stammered, your hands instinctively clutching her shoulders to steady yourself. The heat was making your head spin. "You're... you're burning up."

"Aye..." she whined, her voice dropping an octave, losing some of its knightly affectation in the haze of lust. She rolled her hips, dragging the length of her cock against your clit, a bold, electric graze that made your knees buckle. "The fire... it rageth within... But now... with thee... I feel..."

She pulled back slightly, just enough to look at you in the dim, filtered light of the coat's interior. Her eyes were half-lidded, swirling with a dopey, drugged affection.

"My Lord... this lance of mine... it acheth to be sheathed," she whispered, her hips bucking involuntarily again, slapping the heavy meat against your thighs. "Since we are already so close... and the cold is locked away... might I... might I ask for one more boon?"

"No... Don, we can't," you gasped, the protest weak and unconvincing even to your own ears. You tried to lean back, to put an inch of space between you, but the heavy wool coat held you captive, binding you together in this sweltering, private universe. "I am your Lord. You are... It's forbidden. There are rules..."

"Rules?" Don whimpered, her voice thick. She didn't listen. She couldn't listen, not with her instincts screaming so loudly in her blood. "But mine Lord... the rules speak of loyalty! Of service! Is this not the highest service? To keep thee warm? To keep thee... safe?"

She pressed closer, her hips snapping forward in a ragged, rhythmic cadence. The friction was maddening. You were both drenched in sweat now, the air inside the coat humid and thick with the scent of aroused musk. Your breasts were slick, sliding against hers with every frantic breath she took, nipples hardening painfully against the soft skin of her chest.

But it was lower down that the real battle was being lost.

Don's thighs, rock-hard from years of charging through enemy lines, bracketed yours. That massive cock was trapped between your stomachs, a scalding, leaking iron bar that refused to be ignored. Every time she whimpered, her hips bucked, dragging the slick, swollen length of it right over your clit, leaving a trail of hot slime that made your toes curl.

"Nngh... feel it, My Lord," she groaned, her forehead resting against yours, her eyes pleading, swimming with lust. "It burneth... it acheth so... Dostth thou not feel the cold creeping in at the edges? We must... we must seal the bond! We must share the heat... internally!"

"Don, stop... you're..."

You trailed off as she ground upwards, a deliberate, heavy roll of her pelvis that pressed the thick ridge of the glans right into the sensitive notch of your legs. A jolt of electricity shot up your spine, shattering your train of thought. Your body betrayed you instantly; your hips pushinged back and, grinding against her instinctively, seeking that friction, that pressure.

"A-ha!" Don gasped, sensing your surrender. Her hands, strong enough to shatter concrete, gripped your bare waist, her thumbs digging into your hips. "Thou feelst it too! Thy body sings to mine! Deny it not, My Lord! 'Tis nature! 'Tis the way of the herd!"

"It's... it's just for warmth," you whispered, the excuse crumbling from your lips, a desperate lie to salvage your dignity. "Just... to stabilize the temperature."

"Yes! Yes, for the temperature!" Don agreed frantically, nodding so hard her damp hair flopped into her eyes. "To save us both from freezing! A noble endeavor! A righteous coupling!"

She didn't wait for you to change your mind.

With a grunt of effort that sounded more like a growl, Don flexed her

knees. The strength of the Wei Branch was terrifying; she lifted you off the ground as if you weighed nothing more than a feather. You gasped, your hands flying to her shoulders to brace yourself as you were hoisted into the air, your legs instinctively wrapping around her waist to stay inside the coat.

Now, gravity was on her side.

"Hold fast, My Lord..." she panted, her face flushed a deep, dark red. She looked up at you with absolute devotion and raw, animal hunger. "I shall make thee so warm... thou shalt never shiver again."

She aligned her hips with terrifying precision. You could feel the tip of her—that massive, dauntingly wide head—pressing against your entrance. It was intimidatingly large. You whined, a high-pitched sound of anticipation and fear, your fingers digging into the muscles of her shoulders.

"Don... it's too big..."

"Nay," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Thou art perfect. Relax... prithee, allow me entry..."

She surged her hips upward.

"OH!"

The scream tore from your throat, muffled only by the thick wool surrounding you. A splitting, stretching fullness started to make its way inside you. She was huge, impossibly thick, stretching you wide open in a single, devastating motion. The heat was instantaneous—internal, searing heat that radiated from her cock deep inside you.

Don groaned, a long, guttural sound of pure ecstasy as she sank you down onto her. "By the stars... yes... oh, My Lord... thou art... thou art tight as a vice..."

She lowered you slowly, impaling you inch by agonizing inch. The sensation was overwhelming. You trembledwere trembling uncontrollably, your head thrown back, mouth open in a silent cry as she filled you completely, hitting depths that made your eyes roll back. The slickness of your combined sweat and fluids made the movement possible, but the sheer girth of her left you feeling utterly stuffed, stretched to your absolute limit.

When you finally bottomed out, sitting fully in her lap with your legs

wrapped around her, the intimacy was suffocating. You were chest to chest, skin fused by sweat, her heart hammering against yours like a trapped bird.

"Warm..." Don breathed against your neck, her horns clicking softly against the collar of the coat as she nuzzled you. She shuddered, her cock throbbing violently inside you, pulsing with her heartbeat. "So... incredibly... warm..."

You whimpered, your forehead dropping onto her shoulder, completely undone. There was only the feeling of being suspended in the dark, filled to the brim by your beast and, wrapped in wool.

"Don..." you managed to choke out, your voice wrecked. "Don't... don't move yet... please..."

"As... as you command," she stuttered, though her hips twitched involuntarily, grinding that massive shaft against your cervix, sending waves of pleasure-pain radiating through your belly. "But... the urge... My Lord... I fear I cannot hold the charge for long..."

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